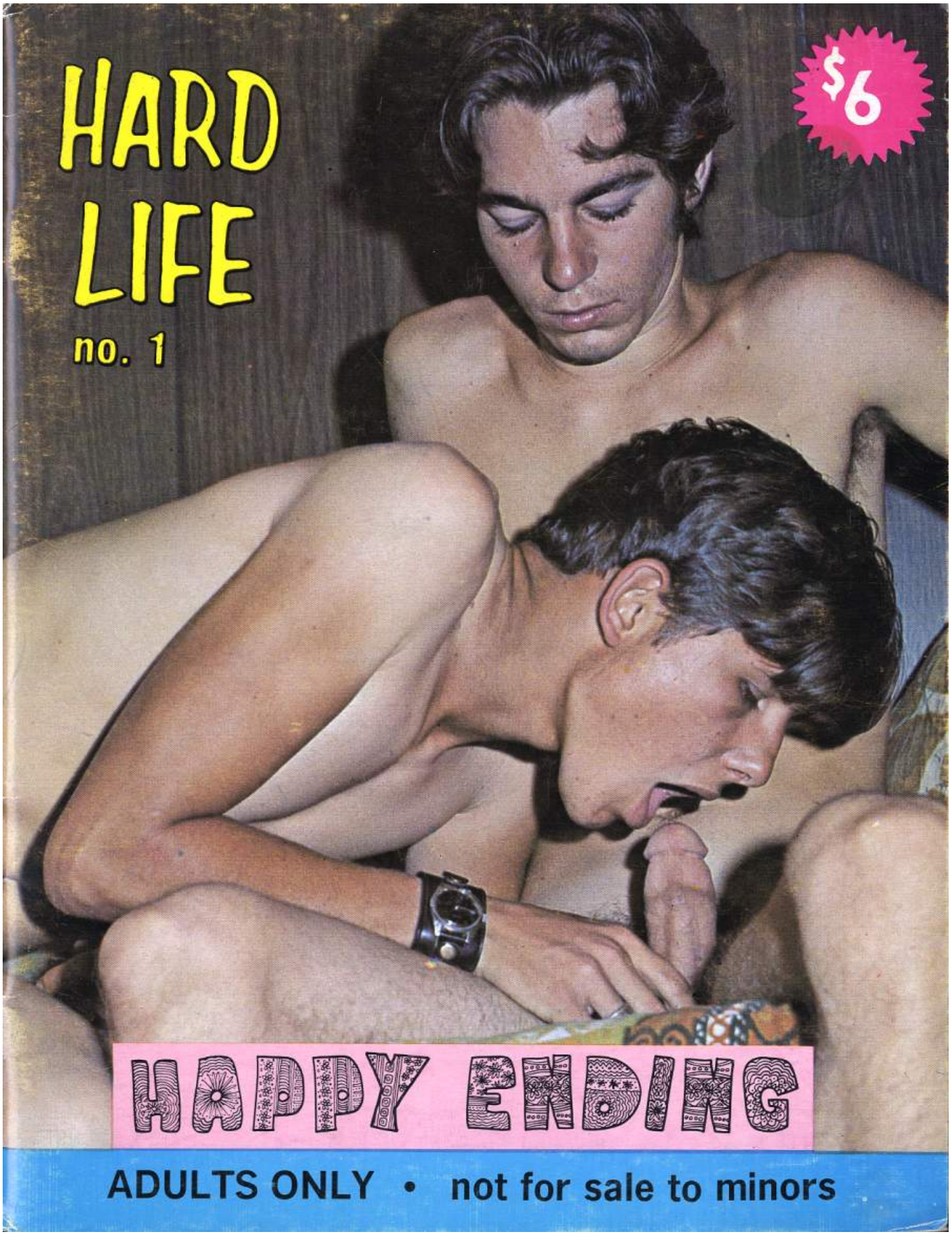
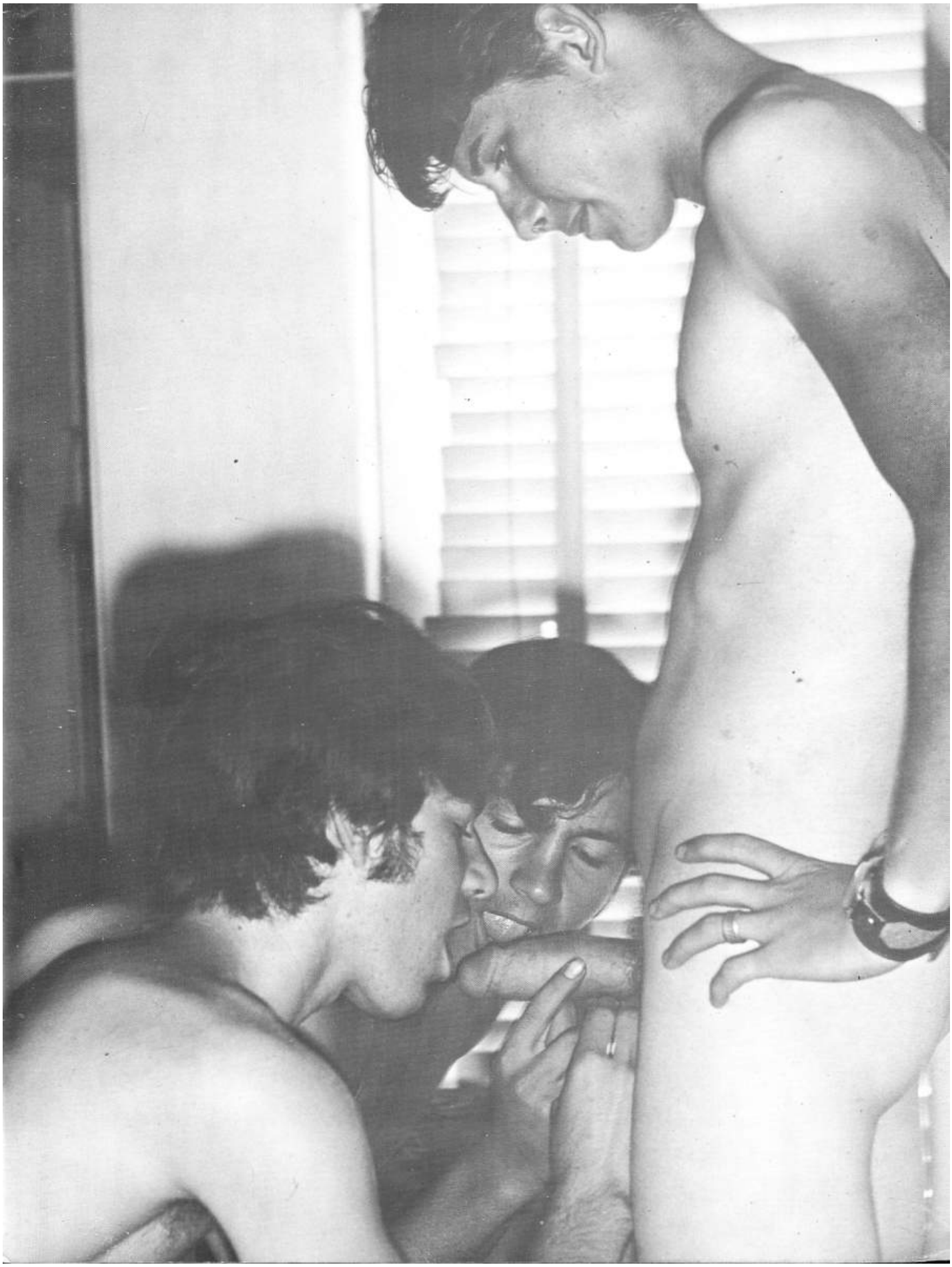
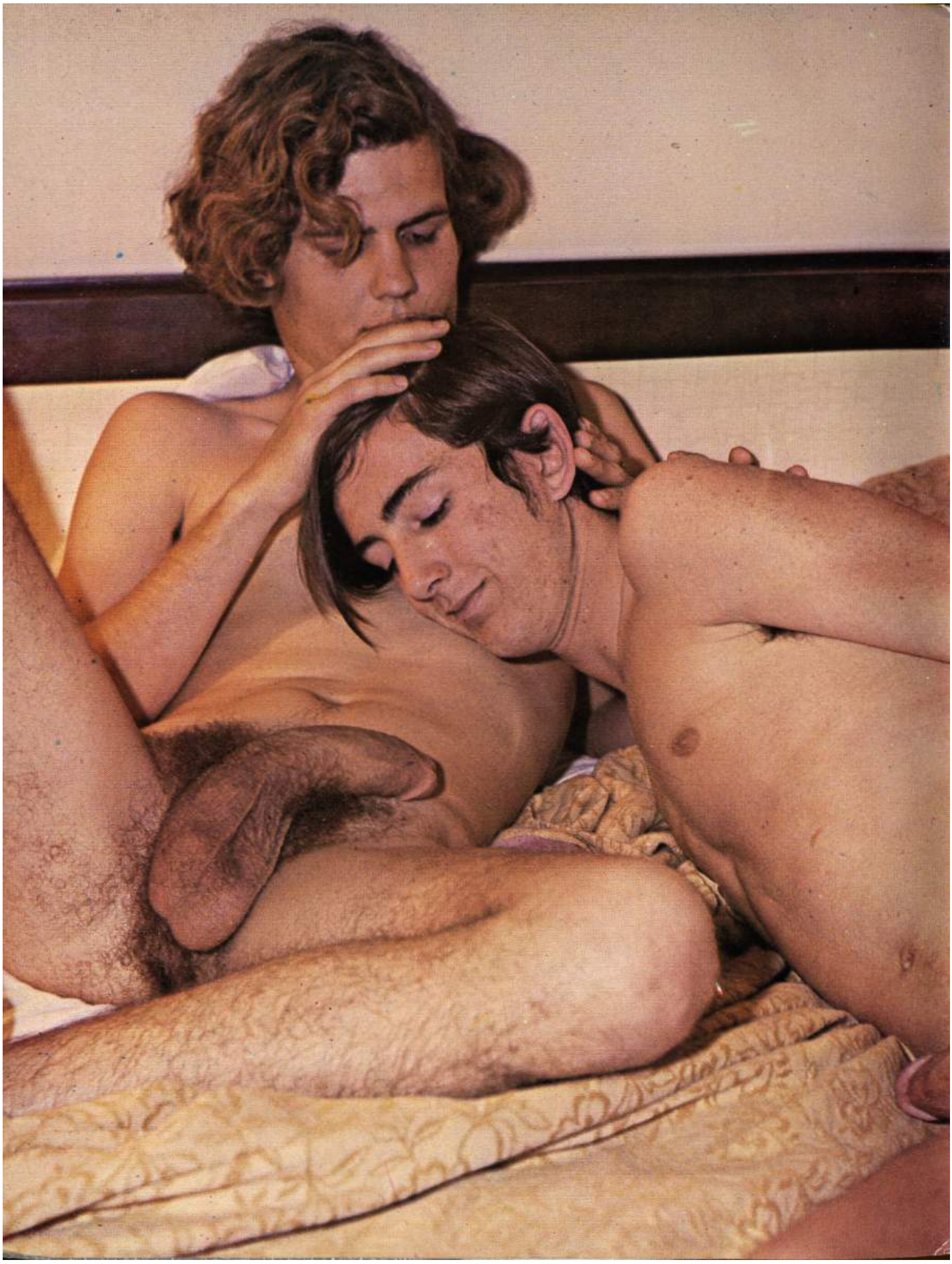
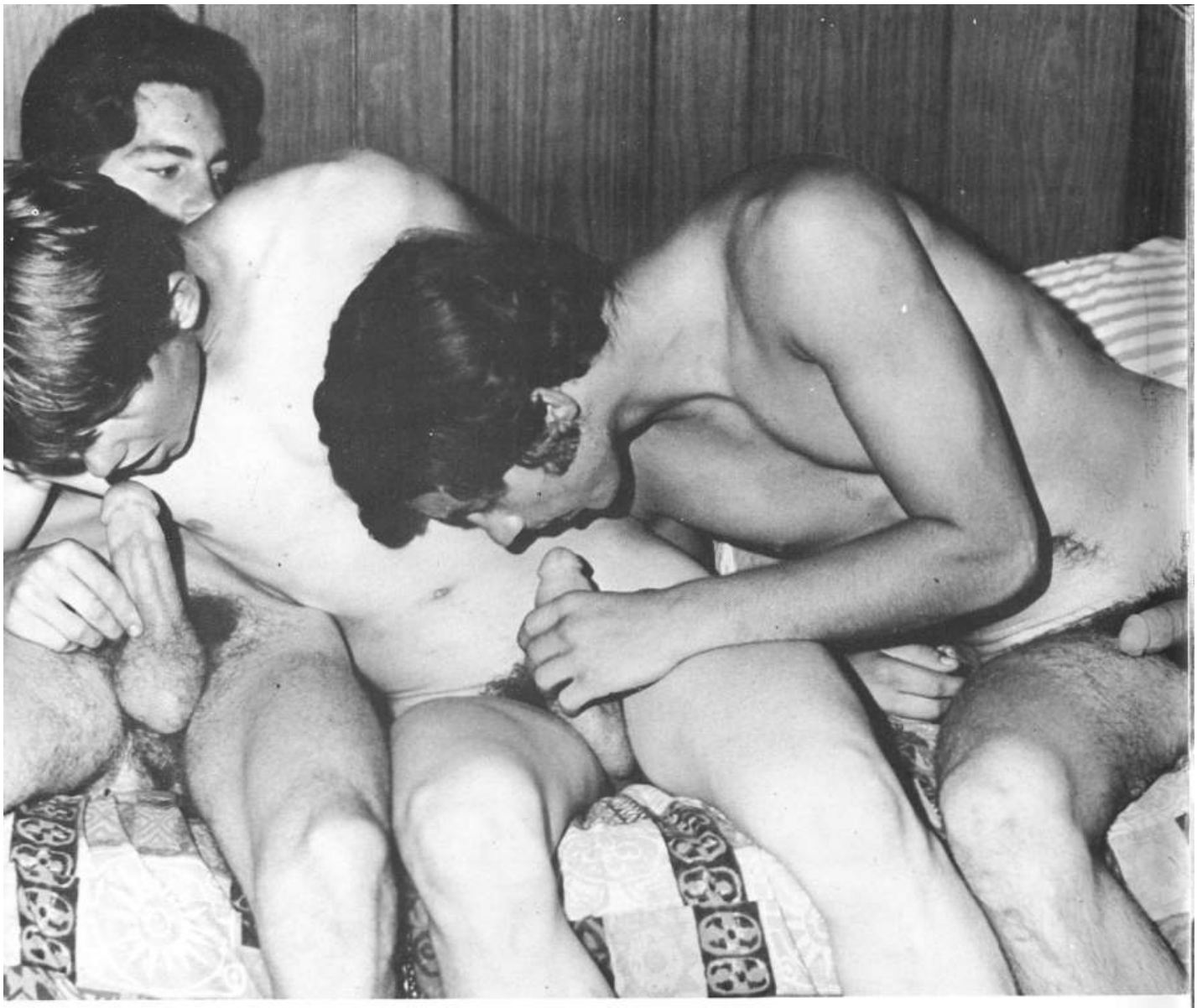
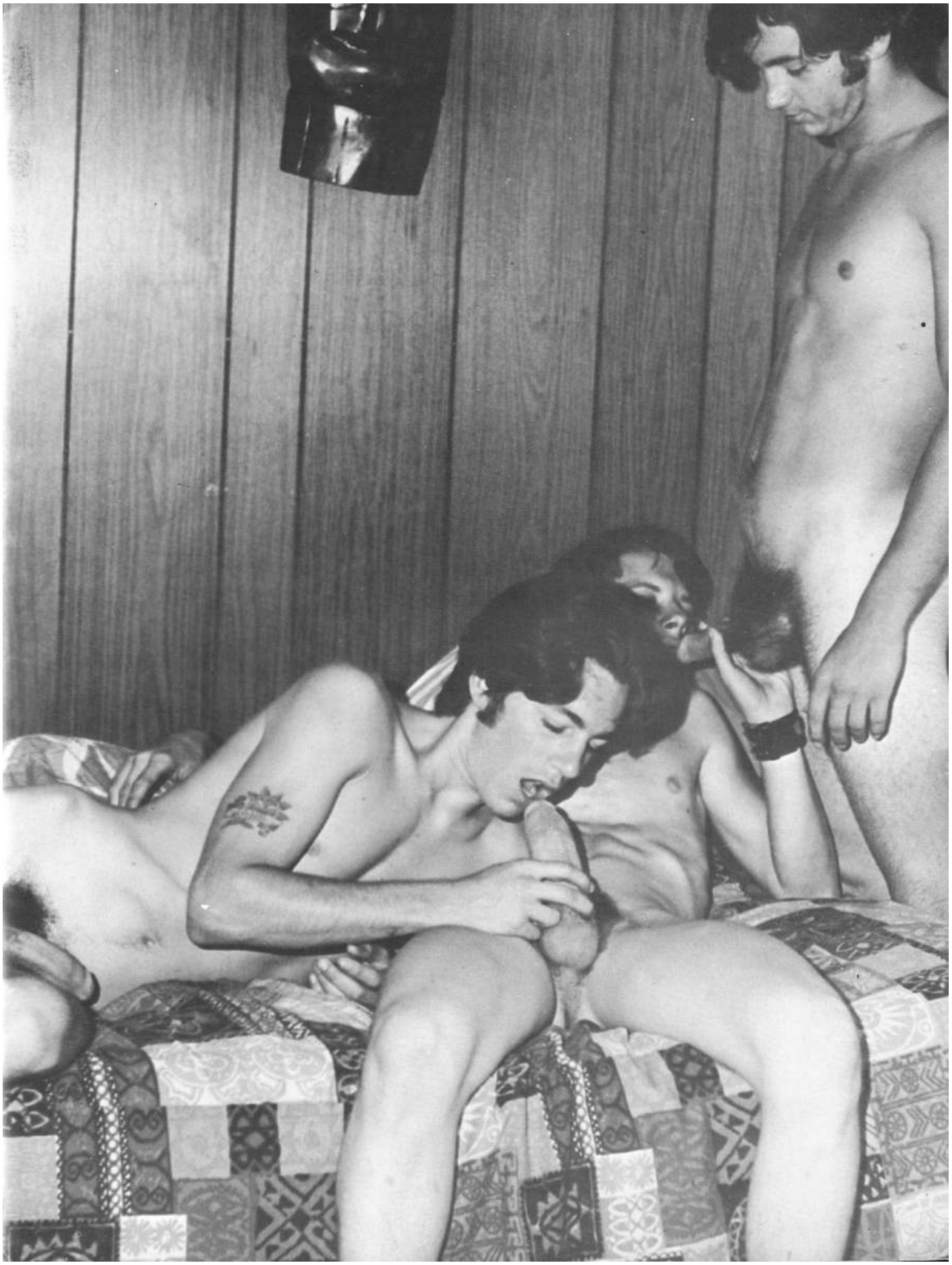

HARD LIFE
no. 1
$6
HAPPY ENDING
ADULTS ONLY • not for sale to minors









HAPPY ENDING

by Dick Wilcox

All the old saws that say "patience is a virtue" have never convinced me. It's seemed doubtful that "all comes to him who waits," riduculous to "never give up the ship," and impossible that "where there's a will there's a way." At 35, I'm impatient as a youth and as pessimistic about ultimate success as an eighty-year-old contestant in a six-day bicycle race.

But I'm changing my thinking, thanks to Rob.

He appeared two weeks ago, out of the 3 a.m. darkness when I came out of a restaurant in my neighborhood. "You have any small change you can spare, mister?" he asked. It's the catch phrase of a whole generation that Rob typified: barefooted, dressed in blue jeans and a fringed suede jacket, with brown hair down to his shoulders, smooth cheeks that wouldn't need a razor for another three years, and big, innocent, blue eyes. In short, beautiful.

"No, I don't," I told him. "But you can have a sandwich and a beer if you want to come up to my place."

"Far out!" he said. Another catch phrase.

The kid ate as if he hadn't had a meal in weeks. And he fell asleep as if he hadn't seen a bed in all that time. I covered him up and left him alone, even though I didn't want to. I was touched by his obvious exhaustion and suspected it would work against me, even if the kid were willing. Besides I *do* have the patience to wait until the next day.

There was more waiting the next day, most of it tortuous. Rob slept till noon; and the huge bulge under the blanket I'd put over him had me half out of my mind. I restrained myself from funny stuff, unwilling to risk his waking up fighting mad. I wasn't *completely* out of my mind, and I *do* have the patience to wait until there's an opportunity.

It seemed like a lot of waiting. I got just a quick glimpse of what looked like the biggest hard-on of all time before Rob pulled his blue jeans on and headed for the john. Then he was ready to wolf down another meal that would have fed three men for a week.

While we ate, I got him to talk a little and eventually to trust me with the truth. I didn't believe it when he said he was 20 nor when he said he was 18. Only when he finally confessed to 16 was I convinced. By then I was also assured that he wasn't the kind of 16-year-old who'd run home and tell his parents everything. Home was far enough away to make it unlikely, too. So I thought the risk of taking in a 16-year-old worthwhile. I was also convinced by that glimpse of cock.

Rob took the edge off that. After accepting my offer to stay a little longer, he asked, "Would it be okay if I have a chick in now and then?"

Against my better judgment I said yes, realizing the problem was getting worse instead of better. The kid was obviously just as straight as he appeared. And the confident way he asked about chicks told me that it was unlikely I would find him horny. It would take some doing on my part, I realized. But after all, I *do* have the patience to go slow when I have to.

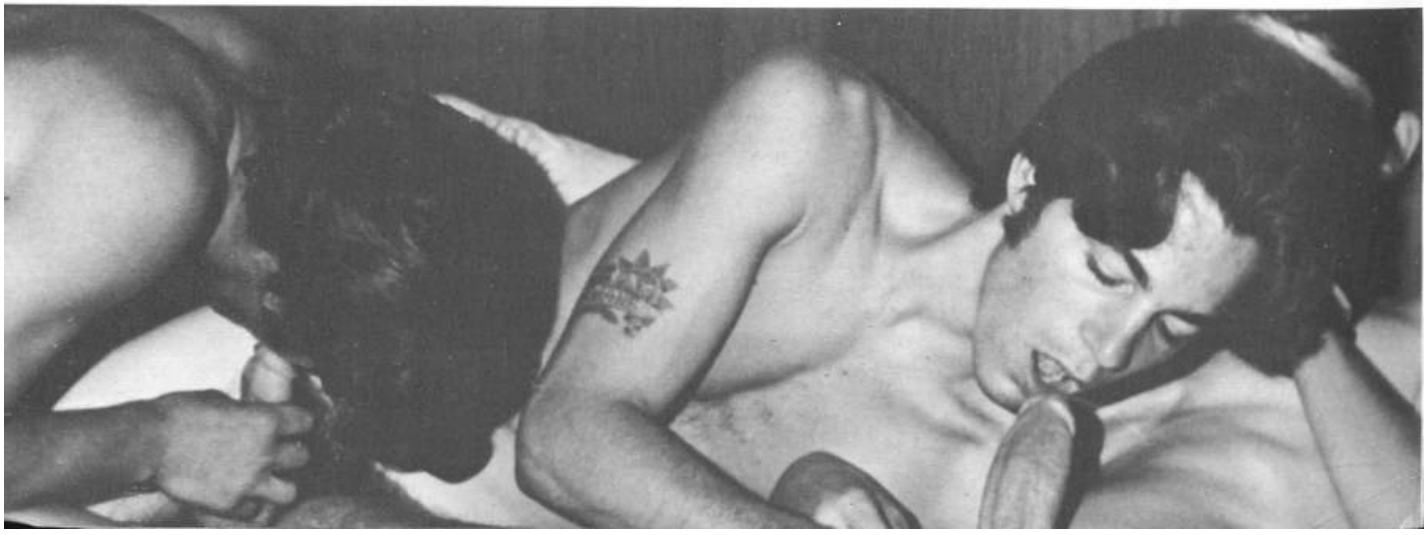
Even so, I went a little too fast. After feeding him beer and hints all afternoon, I made my play. And flopped. "I don't play around like that," Rob said. And wouldn't be persuaded. He didn't get sore, but he stalked out to escape my persistent arguments. If he hadn't left his jacket, I'd have been sure he was gone for good.

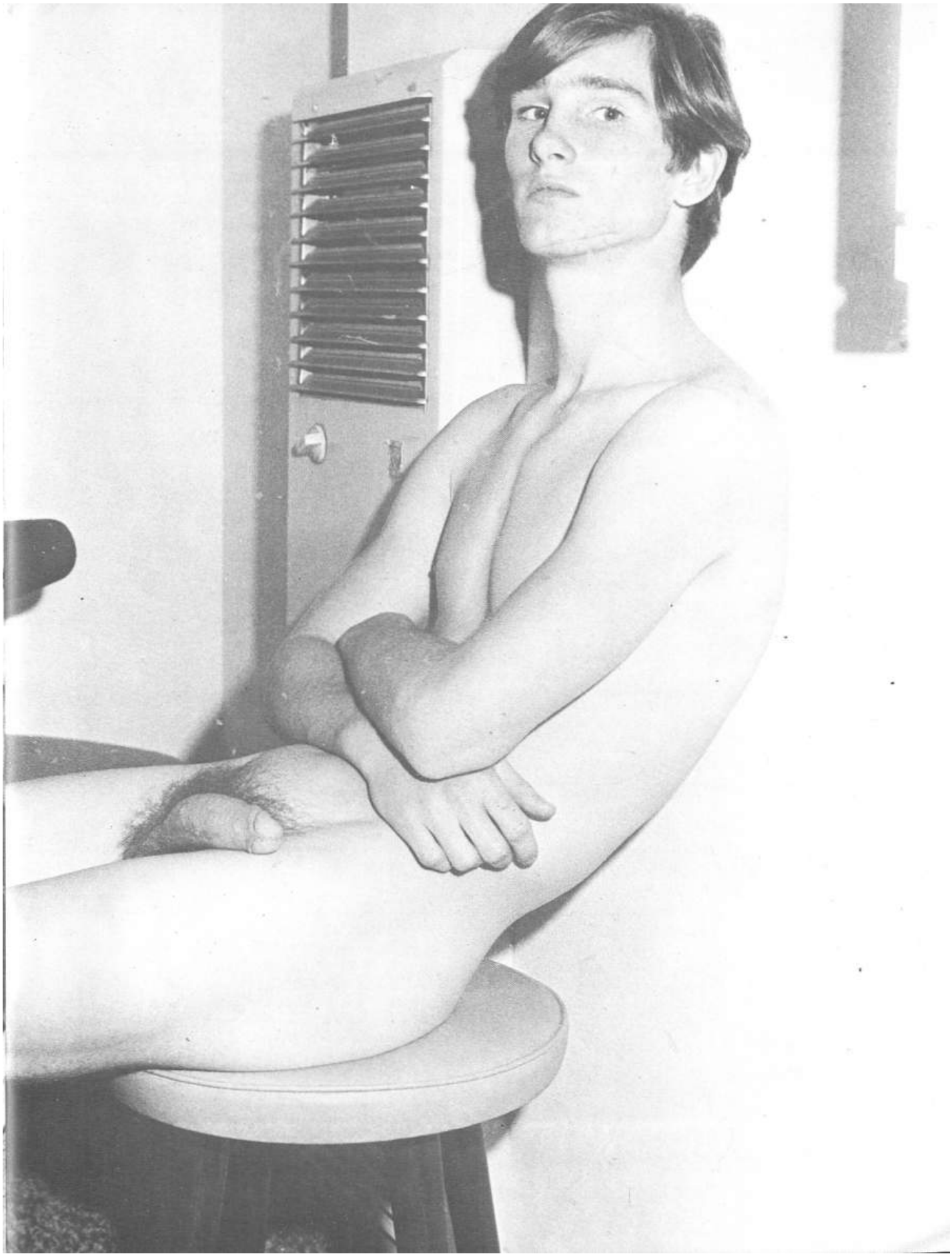
Far from it. An hour or two later he was back. He'd taken me at my word and brought a chick with him, a teeny-bopper whom he introduced as Sharon. Small and demure, she'd be cute, I suppose, in the eyes of anyone who digs cute little girls.

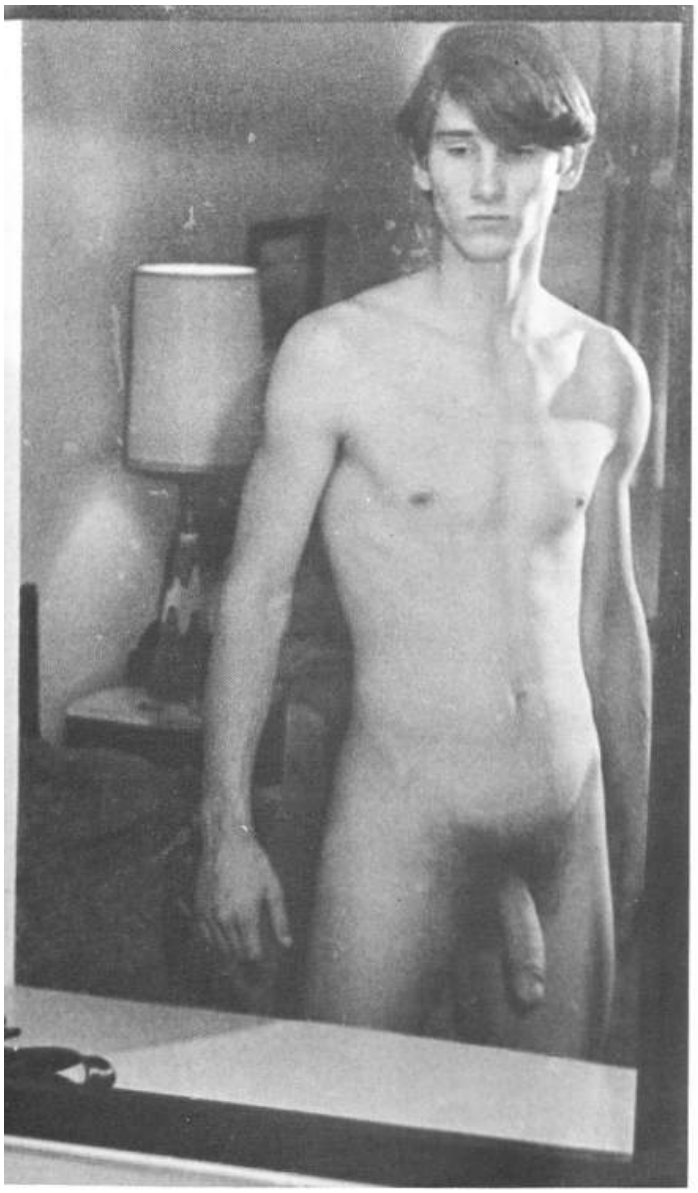
Rob took her into the bedroom and closed the door. After the first hour with the light off, I knew there'd be no hope for me that night. I wouldn't see Rob again until I saw him fulfilled, satisfied, spent, and immune to persuasion.

I was at least partly wrong. I saw him just thirty seconds later—dead nude, with his cock standing out from his body a solid eight inches. "Do you have any Vaseline?" he asked.

"There's K-Y on the top shelf of the medicine chest," I managed to say before I broke up. Unamused, Rob rushed back to the bedroom, cock in one







hand and K-Y in the other. I was torn between laughing and crying.

Feeling terribly sorry for myself, I gave up. It was a while later that I began to feel sorry for Rob. Sharon's "Stop, Rob, it hurts!" was loud enough to hear clearly through the closed door as I passed the bedroom. I didn't eavesdrop, but I didn't have to. The sounds from the bedroom ran the cycle of pain, crying, anger, more crying, and finally silence. When the door opened, the Sharon that Bob escorted out was quiet and grim-faced.

She kissed him goodbye at the door, to show that all was well between them, and departed, leaving the kid woebegone and frustrated.

"You'd better pick girls who are a little bigger," I said, only half-humorously. "You aren't the smallest guy I've ever seen, you know."

"That part I can understand," he said. "But when I finally took it out, she wouldn't go down on me. I kept trying, though, and then she didn't even want to jack me off."

"It's been a tough day for both of us," I told him, grabbing the chance to needle a little. "You may recall I had a similar problem earlier this evening."

"Yeah, I guess you did," he said. "But *I* kept trying."

It took me a second to understand his message. Then I was across the room, tearing open the buttons of his jeans, and eagerly taking his huge hard-on in my mouth.

"Why don't we both take off our clothes?" Rob asked.

Rolling on the floor, my naked body pressed tightly against Rob's, I was content merely to have his hand on me and his big cock moving in and out of my mouth. I expected no more and wouldn't have asked it. But Rob volunteered. "A guy would have to be pretty cold to ask a chick to suck a dick if he wouldn't do it himself, wouldn't he?"

He didn't wait to hear whether I agreed or not. Suddenly he had his mouth on me, taking all of me at once, and then moving back and forth in a steady rhythm. Neither of us paused until it was over. I had to hold back at the end, waiting for Rob. But I let go when I felt the first spasm of his climax. Driving my mouth down on him, I felt him spurt deep in my throat, and at the same time felt his mouth envelope me, taking all I had.

Afterwards we didn't talk at all. We fell asleep in each other's arms, waking just once in the night because both of us wanted to do it again.

That was two weeks ago. Rob's still here, though with a haircut and a more presentable wardrobe than when he arrived. He's interested in most of the same things, though, and he's still bringing chicks home occasionally. He's learned to pick up bigger girls than Sharon, so he's doing quite well.

So am I, thanks to the lesson of patience. Even on the evenings when Rob has a chick in the house, I "don't give up the ship." I've found that "all comes to him who waits." And usually it keeps coming all night long.